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T H E
Courtship and Marriage
O F O'Bradley (Arthur)
Arthur O'Bradly.

To which are added,
The MERCHANT'S SON, and the
BEGGAR WENCH of Hull.

THE PRAISES OF WINE.

Steer HER up and ha'd HER GAW'N.



G L A S G O W,
Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON
Saltmarket, 1800.

The COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE of
ARTHUR O'BRADLY.

TWAS in the month of May,
The maidens they did say,
A garland they would have,
That was both gallant and brave;
The syllabubs they brought up,
That ev'ry one might sup;
Now I'll take off my cup,
Good ale is belov'd by all,
The great, as well as the small;
Then, here's to Arthur O'Bradly—O!
O rare Arthur O'Bradly!
O rare Arthur O'Bradly—O!
Good ale is belov'd by all. &c.

Young Arthur went out one day,
Met Dorothy by the way,
And took her by the hand,
Desiring her for to stand:
If you love your mother, love me,
And love no other but me,
For my name it is Arthur O'Bradly—O!
And I'm O rare Arthur O'Bradly, &c.

The old woman screech'd and cry'd,
And call'd her daughter aside;
What a foolish young girl are ye?
How can you so frolicksome be?



Scarce fifteen years of age,
 To rule a man's house and engage,
 Besides you are not fit
 To keep an old man in his wit,
 And you're not for Arthur O'Bradly—O,
 For he's poor Arthur O'Bradly. &c.

Young Arthur stept in by the bye,
 And stopt the old wife of her cry!
 Oho! old woman, says he,
 I know I'm as good as she,
 For, if death my father should call,
 I shall be heir of all
 His tackling and his looms,
 With a dozen of wooden spoons;
 With three left-handed mittens,
 And an auld curtain-ring,
 A dozen of metal buttons,
 Ty'd to an old leathern string;
 With cocks and pails hale five,
 And a piece of an auld bee-hive;
 Besides was left in my lot,
 My grand-mother's mustard pot,
 And chamber-pot, as good
 As ever was made of wood;
 And they're all for Arthur O'Bradly—O!
 And I'm O rare Arthur O'Bradly, &c.

Then Goody took Arthur aside,
 Gave Dorothy for his bride;
 Their eldest son to be heir,
 They both did vow and declare.

The bride and bridegroom skipt,
 To bed in haste they tript;
 The caudle and posset did go,
 The maidens the stocking did throw,
 While Dorothy soon cry'd Oh!—
 O rare Arthur O'Bradly, &c.

Now Arthur has got a wife,
 The like was never seen:
 She's mouth'd from ear to ear,
 And her teeth as rotten's a pear;
 Her legs are bended so,
 That a wheel-barrow through may go;
 With a hump upon her back,
 And a husband she has got
 And her name it is Draggie-tail'd Dorothy, C
 And she's O rare Draggie-tail'd Dorothy,
 Wife to Arthur O'Bradly—O!
 Good ale is belov'd by all, &c.

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### The Merchant's SON, and the BEGGAR- WENCH of Hull.

**Y**OU Gallants all, I pray draw near,  
 And you a pleasant jest shall hear,  
 How a poor beggar-wench of Hull,  
 A merchant's son of York did gull.  
 Fa, &c.

One morning on a certain day,  
 He cloth'd himself in rich array,



And took with him, as it was told,  
The sum of sixty pounds in gold.

So mounting on a prancing steed,  
He towards Hull did ride with speed,  
Where in his way he chanc'd to see  
A beggar-wench of mean degree.

She asked him for some relief,  
And said with seeming tears of grief,  
That she had neither house nor home,  
But for her living was forc'd to roam.

He seemed to lament her case,  
And said, Thou hast a pretty face:  
If thou wilt lodge with me, he cry'd,  
With gold thou shalt be satisfy'd.

Her silence seem'd to give consent;  
So to a little house they went.  
The landlord laugh'd to see him kiss  
The beggar-wench and ragged miss.

He needs must have a supper dress'd,  
And call'd for liquor of the best;  
And there they tos'd off bumpers free,  
The jolly beggar-wench and he.

A dose she gave him as 'tis thought,  
Which by the landlady was bought;  
For all the night he lay in bed,  
Secure as if he had been dead.

Then did she put on all his clothes,  
His hat, his breeches, and his hose,

His coat, his perriwig likewise,  
And seiz'd upon the golden prize.

Her greasy petticoat and gown,  
In which she rambled up and down,  
She left the merchant's son in lieu,  
Her bag of bread and bacon too.

Down stairs like any spark she goes,  
Five guineas to the host she throws,  
And smiling then she went away,  
And ne'er was heard of to this day.

When he had took his long repose,  
He look'd about and miss'd his clothes,  
And saw her rags lie in the room,  
How he did storm nay fret and fume.

Yet wanting clothes and friends in town,  
Her greasy petticoat and gown  
He did put on, and mounted strait,  
Bemoaning his unhappy fate.

You would have laugh'd to see the dress,  
Which he was in; yet ne'ertheless,  
He homeward rid, and often swore,  
He'd never kiss a beggar more.

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## THE PRAISES OF WINE.

**L**ET a set of sober asses  
rail against the joys of drinking,  
While water, tea, and milk agree,  
to set cold brains a-thinking:

Pow'r and wealth, beauty, health,  
 Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd;  
 Joys abound pleasure's found,  
 Only where the glass goes round.

The ancient sects on happiness,  
 all differ'd in opinion;  
 But wiser rules of modern schools,  
 in wine fix their dominion.

Wine gives the lover vigour,  
 makes glow the cheeks of beauty,  
 Makes poets write and soldiers fight,  
 and friendship do its duty.

Wine was the only Helicon,  
 whence poets are long liv'd so;  
 'Twas no other main than brisk champaign  
 whence Venus was deriv'd too.

When heaven in Pandora's box,  
 all kinds of ill had sent us.  
 In a merry mood, a bottle of good  
 was cork'd up to content us.

All virtues wine is nurse to,  
 of ev'ry vice destroyer;  
 Gives dullard's wit, makes just the cit,  
 truth forces from the lawyer.

Wine sets our joys a-flowing,  
 our care and sorrow drowning:  
 Who rails at the bowl is a Turk in's soul,  
 and a Christian ne'er should own him.  
 Pow'r and wealth, &c.



STEER HER up, and ha'd HER gaw'n,

**O** Steer her up, and ha'd her gawn,  
 'her mither's at the mill, jo;  
 But gin she winna tak a man,  
 e'en let her tak her will, jo.  
 Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,  
 cast thy cares of love away;  
 Let our sorrows drown in drinking,  
 'tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glass of claret,  
 how invitingly it looks;  
 Tak it aff, and let's hae mair o't,  
 pox on fighting, trade, and books.  
 Let's hae mair pleasure while we're able,  
 bring us in the meikle bowl,  
 Plac't on the middle of the table,  
 and let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it  
 fou, as ever it can hold:  
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it,  
 'tis mair precious far than gold.  
 By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,  
 Bacchus will begin to prove,  
 Spite of Venus and her mumpers,  
 drinking better is than love.



Printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1800.